

COWBOY SONGS BY

Spicy Music
Wilef Carter

POPULARLY KNOWN AS

MONTANA SLIM

Including his most popular song
THERE'S A LOVE KNOT IN MY LARIAT

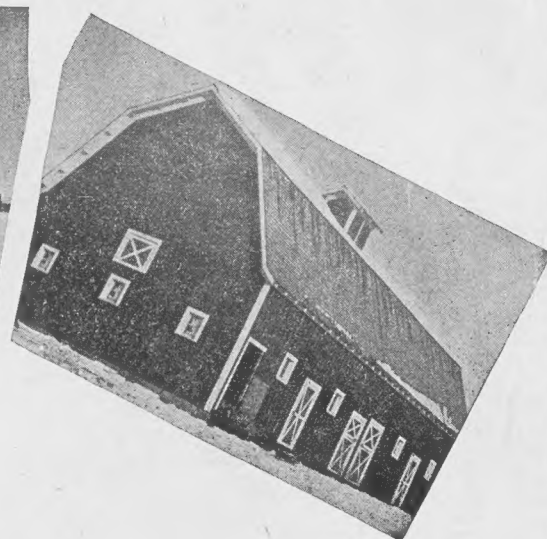
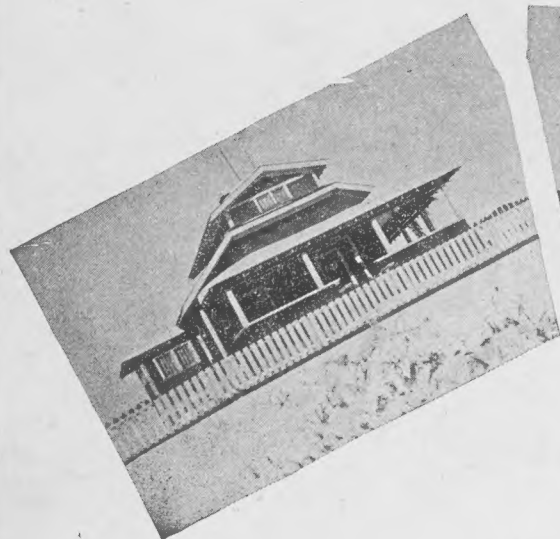
**NO
3**

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WILF CARTER'S
VICTOR BLUEBIRD RECORDS

Published by
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Wilf Carter's Prairie "Home Sweet Home"



WILF CARTER'S FOLIO # 3

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Hello Friends!

Yes, it is your old pal, Wilf Carter, or as they have nick-named me, Montana Slim, back again. It is sure great to have another chat with you all. How about it? Fine!

You know I've sure had lots of letters this last year asking for more good old Western songs. I'm telling you I feel mighty good over all those fine compliments that keep drifting my way. They sorta keep me writing and tangling up new numbers.

You know, the first song I ever wrote, well I just figured it was my last. But as time rolled by I started writing more and more. So here's some of your favorites, such as "Love Knot in My Lariat" which you have all swamped me with requests for, and I hope you all enjoy playing and singing these songs as much as I did writing them.

Oh! by-the-way, I guess you're wondering what these pictures are. Just a little plot of land I have in Western Canada, about 300 acres—not much—but I've always longed for a place called HOME so I decided this was what I've always wanted!

I've really found out for myself, after all my years of roaming, that my heart is always back on the good old prairie. It's on the prairie I always belonged. Why not come over and see me some time?

Gee, it's swell to talk to all my song-lover friends again. Hope you have enjoyed the visit.

Good luck, good health and keep smiling!

WILF CARTER

**Get Your Copy of this #3 WILF CARTER FOLIO from Your Dealer or—
direct from the Publishers — Price 50 cents**

GORDON V. THOMPSON, Limited

193 Yonge Street

Toronto, Canada

By The Silvery Moonlight Trail

Victor Blue Bird Record B4991

WILF CARTER

Moderato

mf

Calt F Fmi

In a lone - ly moon - lit val - ley — Where man has sel - dom
The — moon - light cast a shad - ow — There stood a maid - en

mf

Dmi G E mi G7 G9

roamed — Lived a ranch - er and his daugh - ter — For
fair — The moon - light gleam'd like sil - ver — A -

p





years she's made her home, _____ For years she rode the
 cross her gold - en hair, _____ Her face was like an






rang - es _____ And knew ev - 'ry hid - den tract, _____ One
 an - gel _____ Her teeth were like the pearls _____ She







place she loved to lin - ger _____ By the sil - ver - y moon - light
 smiled and then I knew her _____ I'd found my long lost





trail _____ She used to go out rid - ing _____ When the
 girl _____ So man - y times we've wan - dered _____ When the

stars were shin - ing bright _____ The moon peeped o'er the tree - tops _____
 stars were shin - ing bright _____ The moon peeped o'er the tree - tops _____

Gleam - ing the val - ley a sil - ver - y light _____ As she sat there on her
 Gleam - ing the val - ley a sil - ver - y light _____ It's been years since we

pon - y _____ And gazed on the trails a - far _____ The still - ness was
 part - ed _____ But my love _____ has nev - er failed _____ And now _____ we're

sud - den - ly brok - en _____ By a voice and a strum - ming gui - tar. _____
 back - to - geth - er _____ By the sil - ver - y moon - light trail. _____

There's A Love Knot In My Lariat

Victor Blue Bird Record B 4619

By WILF CARTER
(Montana Slim)

Moderato

f

p

C *G7* *C* *Cm* *G* *G+*

I'll be think-ing of you Pal at sun-set time_____ Think-ing of the

C *G* *D7*

hap-py days gone by_____ There be-neath those dear old west-ern

G *G+* *C* *A7* *dim* *A7* *D7*

skies_____ And I'll tell you just the rea-son why_____

CHORUS

G7 *C* *Cm* *G* *D7*

There's A Love Knot In My Lar-i - at_____ And it's wait-ing for a

p-f

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blue eyed gal you bet — While I'm rid-ing range all day, My old las-so seems to

say It twines a - round an orn-'ry stray — THERE'S A LOVE KNOT

IN MY LAR-I - AT — And it's wait-ing for my lit-tle prai-rie pet —

When I swing my old las - so, you'll hear my yo - del - a - de - ho, THERE'S A

LOVE KNOT IN MY LAR-I - AT. — THERE'S A AT.

There's A Love Knot etc. - 2

The Old Barn Dance

Victor Blue Bird Record B 4603

WILF CARTER

Lively

F **Bb**

We're all head-ed out for a grand time to - night, We're
The old barn's a - shak-in' as we swing to the mu - sic,

F **Dmi** **G7** **C** **C7**

go - ing to the old barn dance, _____ There's
Lis - ten to the old fiddle moan, _____ The

F **Bb**

Grand - ma and Grand - pa and old Aunt Su - san - na,
raft - ers are ring - ing with ev'-ry bod - y sing - ing,








Watch them when they all start to prance.
Dance till morn - ing then we'll go home.

CHORUS





Oh, swing your la - dy, whis - per, "you're my ba - by", Make a date, don't
Oh, home home, home, sweet home, Pal, you can






lose your luck - y chance, Say you'll be her sheik, and
be my luck - y chance, You can be my sheik, and











take her ev - ry week, And join in the old time dance.
take me ev - ry week, And go to the old barn dance.

The Cow-boys' High-toned Dance

Victor Blue Bird Record B 4991

WILF CARTER

Lively

One night a bunch of cow-boys — A rid-in' the cat-tle trails — De-

cid - ed we'd like to have some fun Try our luck at rop-in' girls — We

rode to Pow-der riv-er — And up to the Stin-son Ranch — And

then we all ride in - to town, And rope a girl and dance. —

YODEL

11

O - ay de lee-dle de o, lee-dle ay ee de o, lee-dle ay ee de hee.

Ki yip-py i, ip-py ay ee de o, ee-dle ay ee de o, de hee.____

D.C.

3.

I catches one, a dandy
Her hair was chestnut brown
And she sure was a wild one
None could tame her down.

4.

When at last the music started
And away we go for a whirl
She bucked about like a Cayuse
Like a regular cowboy's girl.

5.

My shoes were kind of awkward
And my spurs stuck out behind
When turning a corner, I spurred a girl
And then she started to unwind.

6.

We done the old Black Bottom
And then the Highland Fling
My spurs and chaps a flying
Like an angel on heavenly wings.

7.

At last I got her milling
And kinda quieted down
I takes a line for the corner
Where my pals were standing round.

8.

I've roped bronchos on the ranges
And most of them could tame
But never again, will I rope a girl
If she's a dark haired dame.

9.

Her shoes had all been battered
From me tramping on her toes
My spurs had torn her stockings
And ripped off half her clothes.

10.

She comes and sits beside me
Asks me for another prance
Not often we get a Cowboy, said she
To come to a High-toned Dance.

Cowboy's Mother

Victor Blue Bird Record B4997

Words by MAE MCLEOD
Music by WILF CARTER

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

A cow-boy's aged moth-er lay dy-ing — In the east at the
close of the day — Like the sun in the west she was sink-ing — To the
jour-ney so far, far a - way — She gazed at a pic-ture and
whis-pered — By my side I wish you could be — My boy I'll

Guitar chord diagrams are provided above the vocal line for the following chords: Bb, Gmi, Gb dim, Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Bb, C7, F7, B dim, F7, Bb, Gmi, Gb dim, Bb, D, Eb, Bb, and Eb.

Chord diagrams: C# dim, Bb, G7, C7, F7, Bb

meet you in Heav-en ——— For-ev-er we'll live hap-pi-ly. ———

Chord diagrams: Bb, F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, B, F7, Bb

YODEL

O de ay de hee de lee-dle de de Aylee ay de hee ——— O

Chord diagrams: Eb, Eb, Eb dim, Bb, F7, Bb, Bb7, Bb

lay ee - ay de lee - dle de O O lee ay lee o lee ay lee o ———

3.

A cowboy out West lay adreaming
Of a home and a mother so dear,
He dreamed that he heard her calling,
And he wiped from her sad face, a tear.

4.

He fondled her close to his bosom,
In his dream that night as he lay,
Next morning he read the sad message,
"The angels took mother away."

5.

The old home is sad and so lonely,
No sound of the old rocking chair,
No more that sweet voice to greet you—
There's nothing but emptiness there.

6.

Her soul has answered His calling
To come to the land far away,
And enjoy the life everlasting,
Awaiting the great judgment day.

Pete Knight's Last Ride

WILF CARTER

Moderato

It seems my whole life's full of heart-aches and sighs, Always some-thing to

make me feel blue. For I've just lost a pal, like a broth-er to me. Seems

I can't be-lieve that it's true. We were old pals on the prai-rie so gay, Man-y

times we have rode side by side. Nev-er dream-ing a bron-cho would throw him

After last verse

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The guitar chords are indicated above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is written for both the right and left hands.

System 1:

Chords: C, G7, F, G7, C, F, C.

Vocal line: And Pete Knight would take his last ride. — Oh, some day there'll be a great

System 2:

Chords: G7, G9, G7, G9, G7, C, F.

Vocal line: round-up on high, When the ranch-boss starts comb-ing the plains — May our names all be

System 3:

Chords: F#dim, C, G7, G9, G7, G9, G7, C, F, C.

Vocal line: squared on the tal-ly May we meet on that Heav-en - ly Range. —

He was riding a broncho called "Slo-Down,"
 Many times he had spurred his old hide;
 But when he left the chute, Fate played its hand,
 That's when Pete took his last ride.
 He'll still remain King of the Cowboys,
 Many times he has won world wide fame;
 And millions of people who knew him,
 They all idolize Pete Knight's name.

It was only last Fall that we parted, so gay,
 His hand shake I'll always recall;
 When he said, So long, pal, good luck to you
 I'll see you the next coming Fall
 But now I stand, head bowed in silence
 While a teardrop, it falls unashamed
 We'll miss him a lot since he left us
 But old memories will always remain.

The Yodelling Trail Rider

Victor Blue Bird Record B 4985

WILF CARTER

Con moto

G  G7  C  Adim  G  G7  A mi  C 

Oh, high up on the moun - tain side, no laws to both - er
 And when the flam - ing sun is set and stars peep from the
 Oh, how I love the moun - tain trails, the streams with fish ga -

G  G#dim  D7  G  C  A mi  C#dim  G  E mi  A7 

me _____ No wor - ries prey up - on my mind, my life is
 sky _____ The moun - tain li - ons start to prow, the lone coy -
 lore _____ A tee - pee for my lit - tle home, a spruce bough

D7  G  G7  C  Adim  G  G7 

wild and free _____ Where men are men, a friend a friend, we
 o - te cry _____ The moon comes peep - ing o'er the hills, I
 for a door _____ An ap - pe - tite just like a horse, my

Ami C G G#dim D7 G C Ami C#dim G



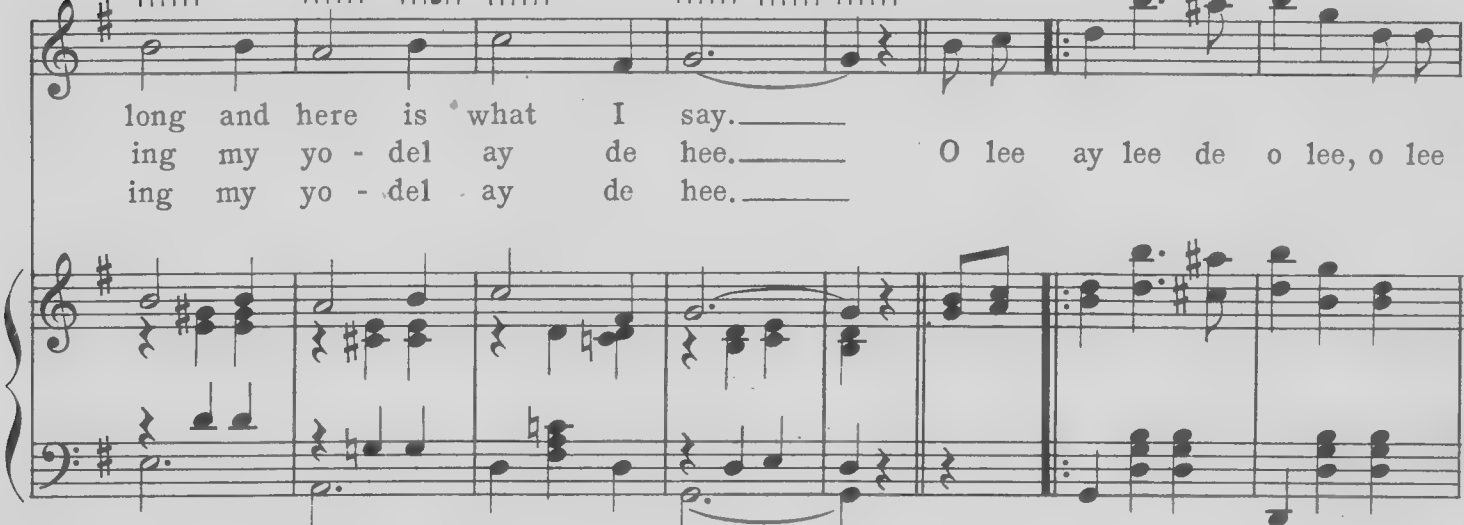
pass by day by day I sing a song and ride a -
 feel so gay and free The val - leys ring with ech - o -
 heart is light and free I love to sing my yo - del -



E7 A7 A9 D7 G C G YODEL G



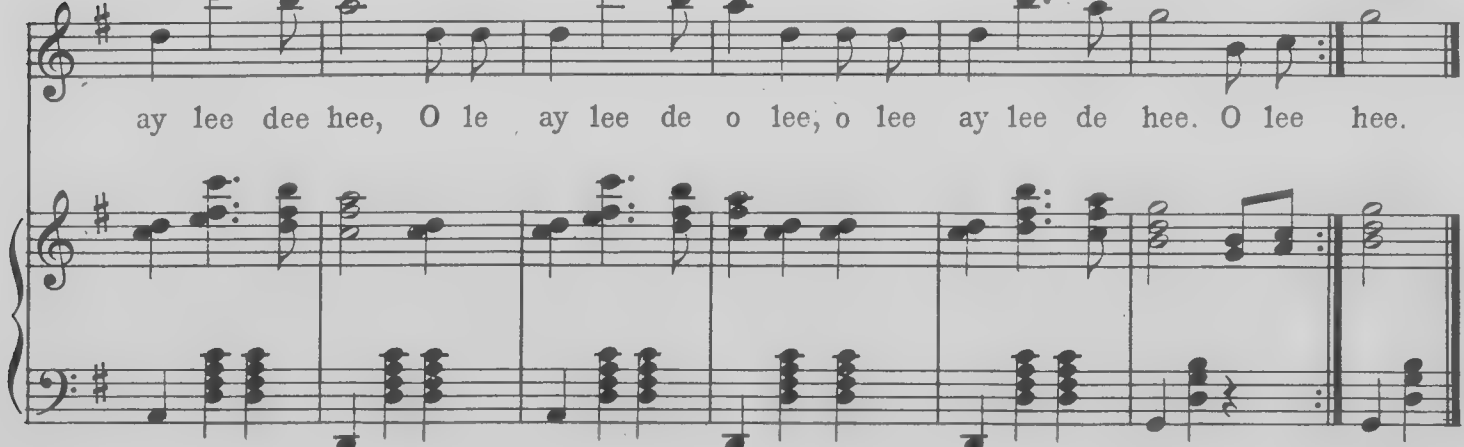
long and here is what I say.
 ing my yo - del ay de hee. O lee ay lee de o lee, o lee
 ing my yo - del ay de hee.



D7 G 1. G 2. G



ay lee dee hee, O le ay lee de o lee, o lee ay lee de hee. O lee hee.



The Hobo's Dream Of Heaven

Victor Blue Bird Record B4986

WILF CARTER

Moderato

We were ly - in' on a box-car, on a cold and win - dy day, Tell - in' yarns a -

mong us to pass the time a - way, In the cor - ner lay a ho - bo, his

eyes were all a - gleam, "Would you like to hear the sto - ry a - bout my heav - en - ly dream?"

YODEL

O de lay - dle ee - dle ay - dle, o de lay - dle ee - dle ay - dle, o de

lay - dle ee - dle o de lay ee. O de lay ee.

Chorus after last verse

Just a ho - bo's dream of heav-en. Where the rails are paved with gold. And you

al - ways get a hand - out, like those trea - sure lands un - told.

One night I lay a-dreaming as the train rolled down the rails,
 I dreamed I was in heaven where they didn't have no jails.
 The policemen all were smiling, the brakemen waved good-bye,
 As the train rolled on thru heaven, that fair land in the sky.

The box cars were all silver, the rails were paved with gold,
 Each box car had a grub stake, like treasure land untold.
 Now who ever heard of a hobo flitting around on wings?
 Without a bit of kiddin' I seen that very thing.

But the best I seen was a hobo ariding on a train,
 He had a high silk hat, swung a gold top walkin' cane;
 He throwed me a silver dollar as he met me in the door,
 I woke up all excited, scratching on the box car floor.

You Were The Sweetheart Of My Childhood Days

Victor Blue Bird Record B4604

WILF CARTER

With feeling



Man - y years a -
Then one day you
When I think of
Fate has seemed to



go when just a boy _____ My heart was al - ways filled with
went so far a - way _____ A - round your home I still would
days so long gone by _____ A tear drop comes and then I
al - ways play the game _____ You know I'll al - ways be the



D7

G

G7

C

G

joy _____ As my pal we two would play _____
stray _____ How I missed you in my play _____
sigh _____ Once I tho't you'd be my bride _____
same _____ Some day I hope that I may stray _____



E7 A mi A D7 alt D7 G G7 C A mi G

— You were the sweet-heart of my child - hood days _____
 — You were the sweet-heart of my child - hood days _____
 — But my love for you I would al - ways hide _____
 — Back to my sweet-heart of my child - hood days _____

CHORUS

G A mi G G7 C C mi G G7 C A mi C

You were the sweet-heart of my child-hood days _____ Oh, why did you

A mi C G E mi G E mi G C A mi C C mi G

ev - er go a - way _____ Since the day I said good bye to you _____

E7 Ami A D7alt D7 G G7 C Ami G
 A sweet - er love I nev - er knew _____ Each
 night I keep dream - ing of you, dear _____ Still hop - ing that your
 love is true _____ Skies have turned from blue to grey,
 You were the sweet - heart of my child - hood days _____

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. Chord diagrams are provided above the vocal line for each measure. The lyrics are: 'A sweet - er love I nev - er knew _____ Each night I keep dream - ing of you, dear _____ Still hop - ing that your love is true _____ Skies have turned from blue to grey, You were the sweet - heart of my child - hood days _____'. The piano accompaniment includes various chords and melodic lines, with some measures featuring a double bar line and repeat sign.

The Dying Mother's Prayer

23

Victor Blue Bird Record B4995

Sadly

WILF CARTER

There's a trail in lone-some val - ley lead - ing

to a lone - ly home Where sits a moth - er, bro - ken -

heart - ed watch - ing for her boy's re - turn.

2. "I'll never forget the day he left me, I pleaded for him not to go,
For he was going to the city with the shining lights aglow.
3. Soon he fell in with companions, down deep in the sin of crime,
First to drinking, then to gambling, they led that darling boy of mine.
4. Then one night they planned a robbery, holding up the evening mail,
But the plot was soon discovered and the gang were caught and put in jail.
5. Behind steel bars for most a life time, twenty years is a long long time,
Each night I prayed to God in Heaven to please send back that boy of mine.
6. I know that soon I will be going to dwell up in that Heaven above,
No more sorrows, no more heartaches, for the one I dearly love.
7. One evening as I watched the sunset, still waiting for the evening mail,
I saw two shadows in the valley, coming up the winding trail.
8. Oh, God, have my prayers been answered, can it be"and her words failed there
"Thank God, thank God, my boy's returning," t'was a dying Mother's prayer.

The Hobo's Song To The Mounties

Victor Blue Bird Record B4988

WILF CARTER

Lively

Oh, lis - ten to the song of the ho - boes, A rid - in' on the

East - bound train ——— A - mid the cin - ders fly - in' from the

old smoke - stack, Just lis - ten to our sweet re - frain ———

CHORUS

We're just a jol - ly bunch of ho - boes, No mon - ey nor a

job can we find So Mis-ter Red-coat don't let us keep you

wait - ing, We're just a - go-in' a lit-tle fur-ther down the line.

Did you folks ever stop to consider
 What it was to have no money-not a dime?
 Just fill yourself with air and sunshine
 Like us hoboes that are riding on the line.

Some folks say that we have no worries,
 No taxes, gas, or coal bills to pay;
 We get our heat and gas from the old smoke-stack
 While the old train is rattling on her way.

Now we don't ever stop for to worry,
 The engineer's watching the line;
 All we got to do is watch the mounties,
 We don't have much trouble getting off in time.

His coat and button glistening in the sunshine,
 And at his belt is hung a wicked gun;
 Waiting just to catch a bunch of hoboes
 Because depression's made us all go on the bum.

They say it's good to get some new acquaintance,
 Many times we've been presented to the Judge;
 Fourteen days in jail for riding on the rails
 And then we all get thrown in the jug.

Do the police ever stop to consider
 That we are helping them in their job,
 If they didn't have the fun of keeping us on the run,
 They'd all be with us riding on the rods.

Our country is so rich we go hungry,
 With wheat and flour piled galore;
 And people wondering what's all the trouble,
 Why depression keeps knocking at our door.

Now you folks have heard our story,
 We'll have to be starting on our way,
 They chase us going East and also going West—
 I wonder where they think we're going to stay?

The Cowhand's Guiding Star

Victor Blue Bird Record B4986

WILF CARTER

Moderato

The flam - ing sun was

set - ting end - ing a per - fect day A -

cross the wind - swept prai - rie A cow - hand rode a -

way Nev - er a thought or a wor - ry

Chords: F, F#dim, Gmi, C7, C9, F, Bb, Bb ma 6, Bb, F, Dmi, G7, G7 alt, C7, F, Ami, F7, Bb ma 6, Bb, Bb mi 6, F

The musical score is written for a single melodic line with guitar accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The first system contains the lyrics 'Rid - ing the trails a - far' and 'Trust - ing to God in the'. The second system contains 'heav - ens a - bove the cow - hand's guid - ing star.' The guitar part consists of chords and arpeggiated figures. Chord diagrams are provided for the following chords: Bb, A, A7, Bb, Fdim, F, Fdim, F, D7, Gmi, C7, F, Dmi, and F.

Sitting by the campfire, as the hours pass away;
 Not a soul to talk to, awaiting the coming day;
 Lying rolled in a blanket, dreaming of lands afar,
 Guarded by one in the Heaven above, the cowhand's guiding star.

Up early in the morning ready to start the day,
 Searching the hills and valleys where doggies love to stray;
 All day long in the saddle, night time drawing nigh,
 The sunset casts a silvery glow across the autumn sky.

A-riding in the twilight, just a mile to go,
 There's a little ranch house, a yellow light aglow;
 Some one patiently waiting for one who's traveling afar,
 Trusting to God up in Heaven above, the cowhand's guiding star.

Down The Old Cattle Trail

Victor Blue Bird Record B4988

WILF CARTER

Con moto

Down the old cat-tle trail, a swing-in' a - long,

Rid - in' a - long, a - do - in' no wrong, Stars are twink-lin' in the

heav - ens a - bove, As I'm sing-in' my cow - boy song.

CHORUS

I go swing-in' a - long, Yo - del - ing a

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics 'song. Just rid-in' a long, Down the' and a piano accompaniment. The second system has a vocal line with lyrics 'old cat-tle trail. O lee, o lee ay-ee lee o lee' and a piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line with lyrics 'ay-ee O lee ay, o lee ay lee o O O' and a piano accompaniment. Chord diagrams are provided for various chords: F, Bb, Bbmi, F, D7, G7, C7, and F. A 'YODEL' section is marked in the second system. The score includes first and second endings for the final vocal phrase.

I'll roll in my blankets by the old cattle trail,
 Listening to the night birds and coyotes wail,
 Over the trees shines the pale yellow moon,
 Down the cattle trail.

I sit alone by the little camp-fire,
 I'll sing this old song and strum my guitar;
 With bacon a sizzling in the old frying pan,
 Drinking coffee from a can.

Roll up my blankets at the break of the day,
 Head across the prairies, far, far, away;
 Round-up is over and I'll soon get my pay,
 Back to my home I'll stray.

Swinging along on my old pony Pete,
 A singing a song, keeping time to hoof-beats;
 To be back again will be such a treat,
 The home folks again to meet.

Keep Smiling, Old Pal

WILF CARTER

Molto moderato

(Hum) Mm mm mm mm - - - - - You The

say that you're lone-ly and you want me to write, That the an - gels a -
 set of the sun brings back mem - o - ries new, The stars take the

bove on - ly know your sad plight; You long for old times, with a
 place of the bright sky so blue; But sun, moon nor stars, nor the

fond mem - o - ry, When we were two pals with a heart light and free
 bright sky so blue, Can ev - er re - place that day I lost you

CHORUS

Keep smil-ing, old pal, tho' you know you're to blame, You'd rath-er an-
those gol-den dreams keep cling-ing to me, When we har-mon-ized

o-ther than I take your name; We both made a
songs 'neath the cot-ton-wood tree; The strum-ming gui-

pledge that if we chanced to part, No oth-er fond love could steal
tars and the cool rip'-ling streams, Keep smil-ing, old pal, it will

in-to our hearts. But dreams. _____
break haunt-ed

The Calgary Round Up

WILF CARTER

Lively YODEL Intro. After 1st Cho. and 4th Verse

Chords: F, Bb, Gmi7, Bb, F, Dmi7, F

Oh lay ee ay ee o, Lee-dle o - dle lay ee ay ee o, Lee-dle o - dle

Chords: C7, F, F

lay ee ay de o - dle lee-dle o de hee oh, hee.

VERSE

- Chords: Bb, F, Bb, F
1. We're head-in' for the round-up, go-in' to the big stam-pede.
 2. Git round the old chuck wag-on, and git your-selvessome grub. And
 3. The buck-in' broncs are snort-in' and the cow-boys rid-in' high,
 4. The guy that rode "Old steam-boat" Jack Man-ley is his name, A
 5. Oh, pick your-self a sweet-heart, and join the Cow-boy Ball.
-

Old Dick Cos - grove rid - in' in the lead _____ The
 lift them flap - jacks ov - er in the pan _____ There's
 Long horns paw - in' up the big cor - ral _____ A -
 bet - ter pal a cow - boy nev - er knew _____ The
 Hug 'em up and give 'em all a whirl _____ Oh,

old chuck wag - on rat - lin', The snort - in', buck - in' brones, We're a -
 old Jim Ross the cook - ee, He sure can toss 'em up Well his
 wait - in' for the bat - tle, And beller - in' in the chutes, And the
 way that guy could toss a rope, He'd take a lead - in' hand And if
 ask 'em how they'd like the life, Of cook - in' on a ranch, And

head - in' for the Cal - ga - ry Stam - pede. _____
 chuck is good e - nough for an - y man. _____ (To Chorus)
 cow - boys yell - in' "Ride 'em" to their pal. _____
 you were stuck he'd al - ways see you through. _____ (To Yodel)
 tell 'em all you wish they was your girl. _____ (To Chorus)

CHORUS (After 2nd and last verses)

We're a jol - ly bunch of cow-boys, We hope you are the same. We

have no cares, the law we nev - er heed _____ So

gath - er in the cir - cle and sing this round-up song. We're

head - in' for the Cal - ga - ry Stam - pede. _____

After 1st Chorus to Yodel

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LONESOME FOR BABY TONIGHT
MY MONTANA SWEETHEART
I'VE GOT THOSE HOBO BLUES
MY BLUES HAVE TURNED TO SUNSHINE
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